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COLONNADE



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MARCH • 1943



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The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. V

MARCH, 1943

NO. 3

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THE COLONNADE

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VOL. V

NO. 3

THE STAFF

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Cover BETTY SEXTON

The Columns . . .

TO THE NEW STAFF'

We need not hope that success will be yours this next year, for we know it will. Neither is it necessary for us to wish you luck, for you won't need it. What we want, however, is that you will have every encouragement in your work on THE COLONNADE so that after a year's hard labor it will have meant so much to you that you will have as difficult a time as we are having right now in trying to put it into the right words.

To Elizabeth Tennent, THE COLONNADE's new editor and to Mildred Corvin, the new business manager, we could wish nothing better than that they have a year as full of pride and enjoyment coupled with trials and ordeals as was our privilege.

Thus, in our estimation, we, the staff of 1942-43, have wished for you, the competent, new staff, the very best.

WINNERS!

On pages seven and eight of this issue the reader will find the three best poems of the year as chosen by our judges.

The first prize in the poetry contest went to Ann Snyder, a junior, who has caught in her poem, *Native Again*, a vigorous spirit of freedom. "Give me the strength to lose my poise," says she, in her throbbing, moving quest to be "native again."

Betty Cock, a freshman, has penned five verses in grateful dedication to a wise and loving Father to win second place.

Margaret Harvie, a freshman, and newcomer, tells of the *Song of the Sea* in two distinct moods in the poem which won third place in the contest.

We are proud of the fine showing which was made by these three and also by Julia Messick and Katherine Trindall, the two whose poems received honorable mention and will appear in a forthcoming issue.

THIS MONTH

We have introduced several new features.

On the middle pages you will find a personality quiz which will be a lot of fun to take and, what is more, will jack you up on your popularity rating.

On page twenty-two some of you seniors will discover a few statistics about yourselves that are not to be found on any school records.

The new contributors in this issue include Shirley Turner, whose story in letter form appears on page twenty-four; Anne Ware Smith, who has a poem, *Ego*, on page fourteen; Lilly Bec Gray, who writes *The Deserter*, a story located in Kentucky; and Kate Thompson, who has contributed on page nine, in essay form, a talk which she recently presented one evening in Prayers.

A PARTING SHOT

The Senior members of the Staff, Virginia Sedgley, Carolyn Rouse, Helen Wiley Hardy, Betty Sexton, Imogen Claytor, Fiddle Haymes, Margaret Kitchin, Charlotte Phillips and Business Manager Anne Ellett, Managing Editor Eleanor Folk and your editor, wish to express sincere appreciation and gratitude to Dr. Jarman, the faculty and administration and the students for their cooperation and constant help and encouragement throughout the past year. THE COLONNADE could not exist without it.

As we depend on the new staff to carry on our work, so will we depend upon the students for continued contribution and criticism.

As ever,

Winifred Wright



Address all letters to:
 The Editor of The Colonnade
 Box 15, S. T. C.
 Farmville, Virginia
 Or drop them in
 The Colonnade Box

Farmville, Virginia

Dear Editor:

In these days of war certainly we at college are among the most fortunate of all people. At least we are if we take advantage of all that is offered us. Here at college we are given our part to play in this war, namely, doing our very best work that we may be prepared to pass on our intellectual heritage to those whom we shall teach, and participating in the war activities on the campus.

We are given more than that—we are given opportunities to help ourselves grow culturally, spiritually, and socially in addition to our class-work and the now compulsory physical education.

It seems however that we have limited our cultural growth to these classes in art and music appreciation, our spiritual growth to one hour a week in church, and our social growth to the dances, parties and teas to which we are invited and to bull sessions in the wee small hours. There is the library—a treasure house of poetry, prose, biography, history, philosophy—yet we select a light novel to supplement our required reading. There are lyceums and lectures where the attendance is not worthy of college students. There are student activities which are left to the few who are willing workers.

Our faculty beseech us if for naught but to save ourselves from future embarrassment because of our ignorance, to get up, get out, to do and learn something, to answer when Opportunity knocks and seeks entrance as she does in our college today. Can't we revise the wording of our part in the war to say that it is to make the most of every honest advantage given us?

Sincerely,

Jane Waring Ruffin, '45

Farmville, Virginia

Dear Editor:

Constant appeals are being made to the Student Body by both the COLONNADE and the ROTUNDA in which we are urged to contribute more writing. These appeals seem to have done little toward having more and better writing in our publications. We have an honorary English society which fosters good writing, but it is limited to English majors and minors who have made a certain average and those who can and will write often do not meet either requirement. Perhaps the students need further encouragement.

Why could not someone establish a writing society similar to the "Scribblers" at Madison? The club would be open to those who write and are interested in writing regardless of grades or course. Once organized, the club could be made as exclusive as desirable by setting up certain standards of writing for members. At regular in-

formal meetings various styles of writing and literature, contemporary and classic, could be discussed and reviewed as well as the creative work of the members.

Since this type of competition always brings out the best in us, perhaps such a society would uncover hidden talents as well as further develop those already known.

Sincerely,

Fay Byrd Johnson, '45

Farmville, Virginia

Dear Editor:

Just for a few minutes imagine that you are a speaker at our college. You have started to speak, the students are very quiet, but only for a few minutes. Soon books are seen, knitting is well under way, and letters to home and boy friends are fast being written. Do you really think that this looks nice, and would you like it to happen to you? No, you wouldn't. Then why in the world do the students of S. T. C. do it?

When a speaker speaks here, and then goes to other places, don't think for a minute that he doesn't notice such a thing. I think it's rude and I'm sure that if all of us stopped to give it a thought, we would think so too. But no, our students don't think of such things. After all they only stay in Chapel thirty minutes each day, and most of the time hardly that long. At least we could have some respect for the speaker, or have we been brought up to be just that rude?

All speakers aren't perfect, I know that; but I'm willing to bet that if you got up to speak and you saw what the speakers have seen here, you would be insulted no end. Yet, we do these same things to other speakers, knit, write, read, and talk.

If the students don't see this any other way, they might think of their school. Doesn't this school mean something to us all? When we go away and hear something nice about the school, doesn't it make us feel good? You're right, it does!

It's up to each one of us to see that it doesn't happen anymore. If each girl will make sure that *she* is listening attentively, we will have accomplished our purpose. If we are not willing to do this, then we are too young to be in college.

What do you say; let's be more courteous!

Phylliss Watts, '46

Farmville, Virginia

Dear Editor:

I am sure that most of us have been to the infirmary at one time or another.

It is my firm opinion that many of us feel as I

Continued on Page Twenty-one



Russian Youth

"Its voice is the loudest, the clearest in Russia—and the most intriguing."—Hindus:
Humanity Uprooted.

ELEANOR C. FOLK, '43

□ THROUGHOUT the world movements have sprung up with the purpose of developing young people along certain lines. In our own country, there are such organizations for youth as the Boy and Girl Scouts, the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., the American Youth Congress, the National Student Federation, and those affiliated with the Protestant and Catholic Churches. We of America want our young people to develop intelligently through wholesome recreation and fellowship, through work including cooperation, through guidance along vocational and religious lines, through education for intelligent citizenship in a democracy. We have selected capable and understanding leaders for these movements whose programs are well planned, if radical in some cases.

On the other side of the ocean Hitler and Stalin have had the same idea for their youth. Hitler, recognizing at once the need of one hundred per cent enthusiastic youth, developed the Hitler Youth. The obvious purpose of such an organization, and others like it, is indoctrination through propaganda, which is the essential difference between youth organizations in democracies and those of totalitarian states.

Our purpose is to examine the youth organization of Russia, the Komsomol or The Communist Youth Association: its history and development, its set-up, the reasons for its growth and prominence, and the attitudes of Russian youth today.

The present youth movement of Russia is, according to one author on the subject, an outgrowth of the distressingly poor working and living conditions and the realization of the early communistic leaders of the enthusiastic adoption of their principles. In 1917 a Russian student established an organization Work and Light, taken over the next year by the Socialists Association

of Young Workers, who demanded the right to vote at eighteen years and a six hour work day. In 1918 the first Youth Congress was called, formally initiating the Komsomol for which a constitution was drawn up expressing allegiance to the Party. At the Third Congress in 1920 Lenin challenged the Komsomol to "learn, learn, learn" and to achieve great things. Laws soon passed for the recognition of youth providing for the establishment of hostels and a six hour day for all under seventeen years.

The value of the Komsomol, according to Stalin, lay in the idea that it is "the best guarantee of social revolution". In its organization, whose membership includes eligible youth between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four, the members must be recommended by members of the Communist Party in good standing. Backed by the Party, the Komsomol has its own quarters, libraries, and schools. Their press brings out such organs as *The Young Guard* and *The Cell*, which are the liveliest and most widely read journalistic efforts in Russia. The Komsomolites, future members of the Communist Party, must know and abide by the rules of the Communist Party and must attend and actively participate in meetings. Causes of expulsion include violation of rules, omissions of duty, excessiveness and immorality. The members are expected to develop the ability and respect for labor, to study and to teach others, and to be trained in physical education.

These youths have been especially active in wartime Russia. Not only have they aided in the electrification of factories and organized industrial competition production, but they have discouraged the collection of money and have kept up morale by organizing along artistic and dramatic lines. The girls have become active in industry and farm work as well as Red Cross nursing,

while many of the boys are serving in the Red Army.

One special duty of the Komsomolites is to train and act as "big brothers" to the Pioneers, the youth organization for those from seven to sixteen years. These children must be in grounded in communistic principles, stamping out loyalty to bourgeois ideals and institutions. During hard war days these Pioneers have done outstandingly brave work in extinguishing incendiary bombs, acting as liaison agents for guerilla warfare, and collection of scrap metal.

There are any number of reasons that might be attributed to the growth of the Komsomol, the first of which might well be propaganda that Hitler has copied many of their methods. It is important in the use of this weapon to know the psychology of impressing youthful minds and stirring emotions, both of which were accomplished by public demonstration in the form of torchlight processions and by "revolutionary material of a romantic nature". The communists likewise propagated against religion and bourgeois virtues. In the fields of art, literature, and the theater, all became instruments in doctination, the purpose of propaganda. As a result, young and old were fired with this new "religion" and the dreams of great achievement that it inspired.

In Russia education and politics are complementary to one another. The schools are nothing more than "instruments of propaganda of indoctrination of the principles of communism" with their aim to prepare citizens for life in a communistic society. In the classroom, this aim is carried out in several ways. In the first place, the teachers and administrators must be thoroughly grounded in the knowledge, appreciation, and possibilities of communism; it matters not concerning their education, background, and training. Hindus in his *The Great Offensive* tells of a school principal, who, a common laborer by profession, served as the "political eye of the school."

The education of Russian seems to be what we know as Progressive Education, for the underlying principle is "to learn by doing." The students are trained for and in respect of labor of all sorts, but there is also a need for real study to make up for

backwardness and a lack of culture. Physical and military education are recognized in building healthy bodies, and, incidentally, training for good soldiers and workers. Teaching is done in the native dialect of the regions of the country, but it always has the aim of internationality. School children have had practice in caring for the school buildings, grounds, and equipment as a part of wartime duties. Because of indoctrination through education, communism was bound to rise and with it the Komsomol.

The motto "Laborers Unite" expresses the rise of the middle laboring class of Russia. Whereas once wealth and social position were acquired for admittance into secondary schools and colleges in Russia, the youth of the "intelligentsia" are no longer admitted until the quota of laborers is filled. Those of the so-called upper classes must now literally "sweat themselves into social finess" by hard labor. In the schools there are no inferiors or superiors for all are equal. Likewise, the communists have ridiculed, scorned, and done away with the bourgeois virtues of courtesy, respect for parents, self-discipline, and devotion to religion. There is no aristocracy in Russia save only the laborers. Young people have seen and been impressed with the rise of the middle class, the beginning of Russian equality.

The improvement of external conditions through the Five-Year Plans of Communism have done much to support the rise of communism. With the coming of compulsory education and improved schools, backwardness, ignorance, and illiteracy are nearer their way out than before. Working conditions have improved with the passage of more just laws regarding labor. Marriage is required to be legalized, and severe punishment comes for inefficiency in work and for immorality. Many of these improvements, including housing and industrial developments, have been accomplished at heavy costs, but their effect in building morale of the people is limitless. The young people have had a part in this reconstruction work, as they have been placed in responsible positions of judicial, administrative, and executive authority.

Certain attitudes and viewpoints are

Continued on Page Nineteen

Native Again

ANN SNYDER, '44

First Prize in Poetry Contest

Let me race with the wind and the rain,
Oh, let me be free and native again,
Let me face the spray of the sea,
And cold and wet forever be.

I love the storm and its wild refrain;
I want to be free and native again,
To feel the savage force of the wind
As the trees from the earth forever bend.

If I'm weary and baffled I won't complain,
Just let me be free and native again.
Give me the strength to lose my poise,
And give me the clamor of the wild storm's noise.



★ *The Greatest Art* ★

BETTY DEUEL COCK, '46

Second Prize

To tie my shoes when I was three,
To read the books he bought for me,
To live a childhood clean and free,
 These things my Father taught me.

To give a ball a sturdy hit,
To drive a car and type a bit,
To cure my kitten of a fit . . .
 Realistic things he taught me!

To have respect for those I should,
To smile and smile, whene'er I could;
Always polite, and sometimes good . . .
 These things my Father taught me.

To say I'm wrong when shown what's right,
To laugh and end a petty fight;
When loved, to love with all my might!
 The things *he* did, he taught me.

These thoughts that through my memory fly
Bring to my heart one wish: That I
Might live life that's patterned by
 These things my Father taught me.

★ *Song of the Sea* ★

MARGARET HARVIE, '46

Third Prize

1.

To sweet, shy sea maidens how gently I'm calling,
Whose hair on my billows is rising and falling.
I sing with a whisper that's silky and light,
And splash on the shore with a quiet delight,

Swish swish, swish swish,
As I quietly wish,
As I rush in the hush to the shore,
Plip, plip,
As I lap,
As I splash on the shore.

2.

Now crashing and dashing, relentlessly smashing,
And lunging and plunging and roaring and clashing!
Heedless am I of the sea bird's harsh cry.
I beat on the shore, and I make the foam fly.

Hurling, curling,
Exultantly whirling!
I charge with a cry to the shore!
Beating,
Retreating,
I crash to the shore!

The Unfriendliness of Daily Living

KATE THOMPSON, '45

□ WHEN we glance at the world about us, we can't help seeing that humanity is in a sorry state. There are those who say that if God really existed, no such situations would prevail; or if He does exist, He is not the God of Love and mercy and peace that Christians claim He is. They are inclined to blame God for the unhappy conditions in the world, but I *believe* that if we take time to think it through, we would find such conditions prevalent as a result of our unfriendliness, selfishness, greed, and failure to live as Christ would have us live. We have disregarded His commandments, we have taken our lives into our own hands, yet we blame God for the mess we've made of things! We may think that whether we fulfill our duties as Christians, or not, our actions couldn't possibly account for the state of things today. We feel that we, as individuals, have little effect on the world, but is it not true that our unfriendliness as a country started in the inconspicuous individual life, and was later carried into places of authority?

At the outbreak of the war in the Old World, and for a time thereafter, our country was content to sit by, quietly and pity-

ingly, surveying the scenes of anguish, hunger, heartbreak, and death thanking God that the war didn't include us, praying that it never would. We know now that we cannot separate ourselves entirely from the rest of the world; nor can we neglect nor get away from its suffering. We are a part of God's universe and as a part of that universe, we must accept our share of the responsibility

Had we, as individuals and as a nation, been willing to give friendliness freely to all races and creeds, perhaps we could have spared ourselves and others a great deal of anxiety and unhappiness. Yet, as we find ourselves in this state, it is our duty as Christians and patriots to bring an end to it as soon as possible. We may not be able to do great things, but we can all be more friendly to those with whom we come in contact in our everyday living. We can be always ready to help our neighbors with a smile, a cheery word, or a kind deed. We can forget our petty prejudices and treat others as we expect and wish to be treated. By overcoming the unfriendliness in our daily lives, we can help make a better world for tomorrow, spiritually stronger so that present conditions will not exist again.

Prayer of Confession

"I listen to the agony of God—
I, who am fed,
Who never yet went hungry for a day;
I see the dead—
The children starved for lack of bread—
I see, and try to pray.

"I listen to the agony of God—
I, who am warm,
Who never yet have lacked a sheltering house.
In dull alarm
The dispossessed of hut and farm
Aimless and transcendent roam.

"I listen to the agony of God—
I, who am strong,
With health, and love, and laughter in my soul;
I see a throng
Of stunted children reared in wrong,
And wish to make them whole.

"I listen to the agony of God—
But know full well
That not until I share their bitter cry—
Earth's pain and hell—
Can God within my spirit dwell
To bring his kingdom nigh!"



Unwanted Heritage

ELIZABETH TENNENT, '44

□ "HELLO."

"Hello, Cynthia."

"It's . . . awfully good to see you again, Tom. It's been a long time . . . hasn't it?"

"Too long—two years, to be exact. You've changed—you know that, don't you?"

"Have I? A person can't always stay the

same—not in two years. Being twenty is different from being eighteen."

"I see—that's exactly what I see."

"About you, Tom. Where've you been since you left Virginia? One letter Mrs. Rutledge had from you and then . . ."

"In the Pacific—Hawaii, Manila, Solomons. It's funny, everywhere I went, the war followed. Sounds like I'm a jinx."

"But why didn't you write?"

"Busy."

"Doing what?"

"An important job."

"But why are you home?"

"Wounded—It's not much."

"Oh . . . I'm sorry."

"You needn't be. It happens to the best of us."

"It . . . it really was luck to call and find you at home."

"It was. But what the devil are you doing here?"

"I'm on my way to Chicago. I remembered you lived in Cincinnati, and the train had a three hour wait. So I decided to call

your home and find out how and where you were and you . . . ”

“Answered the phone. I know. Quite a shock, wasn’t it? Surprised me, too, to hear your voice. Brought back those first six months in the army like a flash. If it hadn’t been for a few people like you, and the Brandon Four Hundred, and Mrs. Rutledge—how is she, by the way?”

“Still Mother Confessor of the chosen few and our favorite chaperon to the dances at Lee, which, by the way, has changed, too.”

“Well, as you said before, Cynthia, what doesn’t change with the years? Things are not the same as they were. They’ll never be the same again. You’ll never be the same; I’ll never be the same.”

“You’re bitter, Tom.”

“Not necessarily. Just aware of a few more important things. Let’s skip it, shall we? . . . Yes, those months at Lee meant a lot—good friends, good parties—second lieutenant. Cocky? Lord, I was cocky!”

“You ranked highest in your graduating class, Tom.”

“Cynthia, that doesn’t mean one damn thing. This is no war of books but brains—and the cleverest, most treacherous brains get the prize . . . I’m probably boring you. Let’s eat. There’s a good Russian spot near here. How long did you say you had to wait here?”

“Three hours—two and a half now. You were half an hour getting over to the station. I *am* hungry.”

“The cafe’s down this way. Used to be quite a colorful place. I don’t know. Haven’t been anywhere much lately.”

“Tom?”

“Yes?”

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“I have an idea there is.”

“Every person is entitled to his own opinion.”

“And mine is that you’re deeply unhappy. Why?”

“Lord, Cynthia, I don’t mind a few simple questions, but this probing, this—call it what you will—let’s forget it.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Oh, no, *I’m* the one to be sorry. I shouldn’t have shouted. My sunny disposi-

tion seems to have taken on a slightly acid quality . . . Here we are. Boris runs the place—quite a character.”

“I like it—low ceilings, typically Russian—and look at those huge samovars. It’s like a scene in a movie. Let’s sit at the corner table, Tom.”

“Right. Oh, Boris. I’d like you to meet Miss Cabell. Cynthia, this is Boris, formerly of the Imperial Kitchen of the Czar’s Palace in Russia!”

“Ah, Captain Thorpe, we do not see you lately. Welcome! This is indeed the great surprise. It is a pleasure to meet you, Miss Cabell. But, Captain Thorpe, where is . . .”

“Boris, I think we’ll have some of my special vodka and . . .”

“The caviar, she is waiting! Ah, like old times this is. The corner table as usual, Captain Thorpe? You see, I have not forgotten!”

“Obviously.”

“Please to sit down. I will hurry up with the preparations!”

“Cigarette?”

“Thanks . . . Tom, you used to come here a lot?”

“Once in a while.”

“Boris seems to know you well—‘special vodka’, ‘usual’ corner table . . .”

“Is there anything *wrong* about that?”

“Oh, no . . . I was wondering if there was ever a special . . . girl?”

“Perhaps. But . . .”

“Ah, Captain Thorpe, am I not like the lightning? Here you have food finer than I *ever* served to the Czar himself, God rest his soul. I supervised it with my own hands. It is all right, yes?”

“Boris, something tells me you outdid yourself.”

“Thank you, Captain Thorpe. And here . . . here is the special bottle of vodka . . . right from the special place in the cellar! Is there anything else?”

“Thanks, that will be all.”

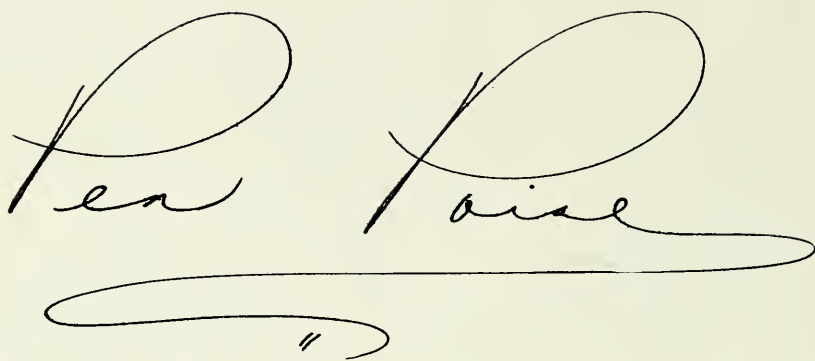
“Tom, he’s a wonder. This concoction is delicious.”

“It always is . . . Tell me, Cynthia, what are you doing now?”

“Going to enter art school in Chicago tomorrow.”

“Good.”

Continued on Page Twenty-nine



THE dreamily descending rain caressed him—
truly not rain at all, but holy water from the
over-running cup of an angel."

MARY WILLIAM CALVERT, '45

*"Instead of 'F' for Farmville, I think it should
be 'F' for friendship."*

BETTY ELLIS, '46

THE days passed before me as little men—
marching steadily, silently, and each one a
little different."

KATHRYN TAYLOR, '46

"It pays to be gullible if you are a freshman."
KYLE AINSWORTH, '45

EVEN the menus had an English accent."

THE ROTUNDA

"Ours has become Flynn-landia."

VIRGINIA KENT SEDGLEY, '43

GREATER love hath no girl than she give away
her last cigarette."

ANONYMOUS

*"That book I read went in one eye and out the
other."*

LILLY BEC GRAY, '43

HER voice spread over the room like the hush
of evening."

CHRISTINE PATE, '46

*"His eyes looked straight through and found a
place in my heart."*

DOROTHY CUMMINGS, '46

THE seas were ablaze with villainy, romance, and
deeds of daring."

EMILY CARPER, '46

*"She walked out into the room, as from a
cloud."*

FLORENCE SMITH, '46

HERS was a sea of raven hair."

FLORENCE SMITH, '46

"Her gown was red, matching her temper."

MARY HARMON, '46

*"In true woman fashion
I gave him my love and my heart,
Which he took in his hands and tore apart."*

LULA MOSS, '45

*"The storm comes driving from the east,
"Its wake is bloody, beaten, bare."*

HELEN WILEY HARDY, '43

THE scent of cedar and pine always denote the
coming of Christmas at my house."

ANNE SHERWOOD JONES, '46

*"Let not the greed of one nation's grasping
hand*

Destroy the good in the world and the kind."

ELAINE BRAY, '45

*"Then the sky grew dark and gray
The giant planes began to play
Around about and over the isle,
And changed to tears each happy smile."*

ANNE MAPP, '45

*"Friends—They leave thoughts upon which the
soul can feed."*

NAOMI WILSON, '45

*"The sun in tiny flecks falls through
The webby roof of leaves."*

FLORENCE PETTIT, '45

*"I long for the gentle wind as it rides on the
first sweet breath of spring."*

ELIZABETH GOODWIN, '44

AS my thoughts race down the corridor of time,
they dwell longest on my mother's kitchen."

EDITH WALTHALL, '45

*"The coldness of the morning tinged his features
with blueness and pierced his threadbare clothing."*

*"Radiating gold and pink, the sun rose in ma-
jesty and touched with golden beauty the peaks of
the mountains and the tips of the dry grasses.
Glints of gold appeared in the deep green of the
pine needles and gold dusted the brown on the
pine cones."*

HARRIETTE DOWDY, '46

Travel by Trolley

BETTY DEUEL COCK, '46

☐ NO doubt the Virginia Public Service Company is a very worthy institution, and I have all due respect for its employees, but not one bit of use will I ever claim for those racketty, out-moded vehicles, the street cars of Hampton.

My home-town is one with a population of about 30,000 in normal times. It is situated in between two other self-centered burgs on the lower Virginia Peninsula, and three miles below the lowest is Buckroe Beach, the largest pleasure resort this side of the Chesapeake Bay. Next above Buckroe is the "Little Chicago" of Virginia, that township of perpetual tragedy, Phoebus. Then comes Hampton . . . pride of the Episcopalians, boom-town of 1610; and seven miles inland, heading the peninsula (in position alone) the well-known dry-dock center, Newport News. And off to the right of Phoebus is Fortress Monroe, and off to the left of Hampton is Langley Feld, both vital defense posts of our Armed Forces. The point of this epic is, without either cars or busses as numerous as they used to be, to get in or out or around in Hampton in these days, one must submit to the science of using a V. P. S. street car for transportation.

It's not really a science, though . . . it's an Art. The line runs from the far end of Newport News to the lowest end of Buckroe, and the minute you set foot upon the nearest shuddering conveyance, your fate is practically sealed, and it remains to be seen just how much of an artist you really are.

Getting on isn't as simple as it sounds, though. Many's the hour I've wasted, and many's the time I could've walked from my home to the business district and *back*, while I stood by the telephone pole waiting . . . just waiting. And when the welcome rumble finally foretells the coming of the juggernaut of the moment, all eyes strain in its direction to try to determine ahead of time whether it will be possible to obtain

a seat, whether there will be standing room only, or indeed, whether we'll be allowed on this particular chariot at all. Should our conclusion be the first, things aren't quite so bad, although even the seats are none too comfortable. It has been said that never before nor since, in the history of travel has there been an equal for one mere mode of transportation that can go in so many different directions all at one time. They go forward two paces and jerk backward one; they bounce up and down over every inch of uneven pavement beneath their tracks; and they sway constantly from side to side, like a mammoth elephant lumbering its unfamiliar way through the center of civilization. But back to the crowd . . . it usually happens that of the 30,000 population, which has doubled in the last two years, at least half the number, (and in my own confidential opinion, fully three-fourths of them) all want to ride the same street car at the same time. Nor do the conductors think it impossible, either . . . they keep piling them in, forcing them back, eagerly eyeing the nickels as they drop "down the hatch", and the undisputed motto is "Always room for ten more." Nowadays nine out of those ten are boys in uniform, so the ride is never a dull one. And if she smiles at the right people, a girl can nearly always get a seat!

As to personal experiences on these detestable demons of delapidation, I can hardly begin to recount my favorites. The passengers aboard, all united by this ghastly relationship, cheerfully complain in a body, and the witty remarks that fly about bring forth laughter from even the stodgiest looking individuals in the group. There was the time I had been carrying on an animated conversation with, or at, my mother, which, despite mother's gentle and numerous admonitions, had grown, I fear rather loud-ish. A sudden tapping on my shoulder calmed me down quickly enough, and Mother and I turned about, fully

expecting to have my up-bringing degraded, but instead of facing an indignant Emily-Post-fanatic or worse, a kindly sewing machine salesman merely proffered two thimbles, and begged that we accept them with the best wishes of his establishment.

Another instance outstanding in my memory also brings back thoughts of aching arms and offended feet. Six of us . . . two sisters and three of their friends and I . . . were off on a shopping tour to Newport News, and we were all stacked about in some semblance of union . . . half of us sitting in laps, half of us hanging from the straps overhead, but at least together and having a very merry time in general. Across the aisle sat a young mother and a frowning father, holding between them a most bored-looking baby . . . and I do mean holding. The little fellow was terribly restless, and perhaps instead of bored, 'twould be better to describe him as plain unhappy, for he looked like a miniature storm cloud trying to find some place to burst. Tempted as always, I leaned forward by my strap and began talking to him. He was a darling child . . . his name was Jimmy, he was eighteen months old, and he never did like to ride street cars because he had to keep still so long. All this I learned from his mother. His curls were red-golden, his eyes were deep brown, and his sturdy chubbiness verified the fact that he kept his appetite well worked-up. These facts I gleaned from personal observation. His tan corduroy overalls and canary sweater were only too fitting for his personality, and as I watched I felt my analysis being steadily and critically returned. He sat still for fully five minutes, merely to give me that silent, impudent once-over, but then, without showing any signs as to what conclusions he drew from his inventory, he was off again on a wiggly plea to be released from his daddy's determined grip. Interfering rudely with fatherly attempts

at discipline, I asked young Jimmy if he would like to come and stand up with us, and the cherubic grin. I received in reply would have been more than enough to convince his daddy, had he been only half as tired of holding Jimmy down. So there it began . . . Jimmy had a vise-like grip on my right hand, a duplicate on my sister's left, and the three of us were facing outward. The logical inevitable was that we swing Jimmy by his arms up to his daddy's lap and backward again to the floor (or to our feet) and swing we did, for the remaining six miles. Jimmy was no frail baby, and he was awfully active for his age. And if his vocabulary included nothing more than the two phrases we heard that day, he could at least abide street cars from then on. All

he'd have to do would be to exhaust the "Wanna det down", and start in on the "Swing me aden," and his life would be happy forevermore. That is, if he could find as willing a group of nursemaids on his other excursions.

There are dozens of other encounters I could enumerate here. Once we changed cars three times before we reached our destination. And one of the three audaciously caught fire beneath our

very seats. Then too, the old racial problem lends external excitement in the form of razors and colorful language. Hardly a trip can be remembered where some unsophisticated passenger hasn't toppled off to sleep on someone else's shoulder, or slept on past his getting-off point, or where some freckle-faced urchin has failed to "pull the track" from the rear of the car, causing the motor-man much puffing and blowing (and mental swearing) before he can get it back again.

I've been riding street cars for a good many years now, and will continue to do so a good many more. I've ridden them to church and to school. I've gone on all-day shopping expeditions while at their mercy. They're taken me on all-day pilgrimages to

Continued on Page Twenty-five

Ego

ANNE WARE SMITH, '43

I'm going to write a book some
day
And fill it full of me—
My thoughts, my work,
My play, my love,
And my philosophy.
It's sure to be a masterpiece
I'm positive there—mais oui!
There's just one thing
I can't quite swing—
Who will *ever* read it but me?

The Deserter

LILLY BEC GRAY, '43

□ THE screen door slammed as I toddled into the sunny kitchen.

"Howdy, Miss Lucy," came in a hearty voice from one corner.

"Well, Sam Jones! I reckon it's been nigh on to a year since you've been in this house." We shook hands, as I tried hard to conceal my surprise and curiosity at seeing Sam, the county sheriff.

"Just stepped down the road to get the mail," I continued, as I removed my coat and shawl.

"Miss Lucy, much as I hate to, I guess it's just as well for me to get to the point. You know this is not just a friendly visit," he added.

"Yes, Sam, go on, Sam," I muttered, almost calmly. But my heart beat quickened.

How much did he know? Did he suspect me? Would I be able to fool him? These and other questions rushed madly through my brain.

Sam continued. "Miss Lucy, I know this is bound to be a touchy subject, and I hate to be the one to bring it up. Please, ma'am, tell me where that boy of yours is. I guess I should say your boy. That is, I've always thought he was more yours than Miss Valerie's."

With this he rushed across the room to the chair I had taken by the fire. As he stared at me, I found myself wondering if I could go through with all the questioning, but the look I had seen on Jody's face suddenly came back to me, and my doubts vanished. Of course Sam was waiting for my answer, while this decision was taking place.

"Well, Sam, I couldn't really tell you. That is one subject you know as much about as I do. It hurt me more than anyone can imagine to hear that he had deserted, and I kinda hoped that he would come here. I thought that I would be the one to set him on the right road again. But no, Sam, he probably doesn't trust me, either. After all, it's my fault. If I hadn't spoiled him

to death after his father died, he would have been ready for the army and proud to serve his country. Oh, but the shame of it all!"

"Here, now Miss Lucy, don't go blamin' yourself. Maybe the boy was a bit spoiled, but no woman can take the place of a man, no matter how hard she tries. The army's the best place in the world for Jody, if we can only keep him there."

What was that noise in the bushes? Surely the young fool wasn't coming back! Not with Sam Jones here! Perhaps my arguments hadn't been so good after all and—the next thought was to disillusioning, I couldn't let that horrible shadow of doubt come now—but perhaps Jody just wasn't worth all my trouble. That's what everyone in the village had been saying, anyway. My hands were cold and wet; my heart was really thumping now. Ahhhh! Sweet relief! It was only the wind stirring up the leaves.

The sheriff continued to gaze around the room, hating to continue his painful questioning.

"Sam, Sam, if you find him, do you have to turn him in?" I was practically in tears. I could stand the suspense no longer.

"Miss Lucy, please don't make it any harder for me," pleaded Sam. "You know I have to do my duty."

"Of course, of course you do, my boy," I muttered. "Pay no attention to me. I'm hysterical from anxiety about the lad."

"Well, its a cinch you haven't seen him."

"You're not leaving, Sam?" I questioned hopefully.

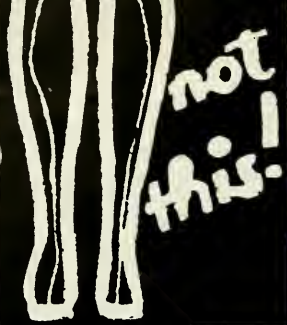
"Might as well be pushing along. Nothing here worth investigating. Now, Miss Lucy, you dry those tears. He'll be all right. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thanks. Let me know if you hear any news."

As the latch clicked on the door, I breathed a deep sigh.

By this time Jody had a head start. He

Continued on Page Thirty-two



Are You

Come on, m' friends, all yo
question. Then turn to page 28
you'll know just why it is tha
your History parallel instead of

Be honest, now!

Appearance

- | | | | |
|---|-----|--------------------------|----|
| 1.—Are you coiffure conscious? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 2.—Are you color careless? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 3.—Do you have a mania for hats? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 4.—Do your knees show under your skirts? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 5.—Do you cultivate long claws? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 6.—Do you always check your petticoat appeal? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 7.—Do you wear dark lipstick? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 8.—Do you wear knee length sweaters? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 9.—Are you a slump, chump? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 10.—Do you overdress? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 11.—Are you a fad follower? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 12.—Are your stocking seams usually straight? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 13.—Do you wear inch deep pancake make-up? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 14.—Do you like costume jewelry? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |
| 15.—Do you wear mascara on all occasions? | YES | <input type="checkbox"/> | NO |



most of your advantages?

by Bait?

Yes or No in answer to each
ers and scoring. Then, lovelies,
nts have been spent absorbing
nt.

ons

Can you look people straight in the eye? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you begin to yawn at 10:30? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you start dance floor conversations with "where did you say you were from?" -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Can you remember names? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you begin letters with apologies for not writing? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you smear lipstick on his collar when you dance? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Are you a giggle gargoyle? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you monopolize conversations? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Are you a good listener? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Are you a mannerism maniac? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you smoke cigs down to the hairpin stage? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you feel stuck after two dances with the same person? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Does it require more than three seconds for you to catch a joke? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Are you a snoop? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>
Are you prompt about social engagements (meaning dates, too)? -----	YES	<input type="checkbox"/>	NO	<input type="checkbox"/>



Is your appearance above reproach?



Time marches ON!

Darlin'—
Please
excuse my not writing
sooner but—



A "Cat"egorical Question

VIRGINIA KENT SEDGLEY, '43



□ "YES, my dear, I do congratulate myself. I did a fine job of match-making."

"Such a hopeless case, too," replied the gray cat who sat washing her face in the sun. "Just how did you go about it. After all she was an old-maid school teacher of almost thirty, and he was so shy."

"Well, it is quite a story," the Maltese answered. "Suppose we adjourn to the back porch, and I'll tell you the whole thing."

The Maltese and the gray, probably alley, cat wended their way from the warm sidewalk to the shady back porch of the newly-wed's cottage and the Maltese began her story.

"You know I've been living with Alice Jones since time one. I remember way back when she first left teachers college all enthused over the prospect of a new job. Of course, she took me to her new apartment with her. It was really only one room and a closet, but we called it an apartment. She was very happy the first two or three years and I had fun, too. There was a nice cat next door—but I won't go into that now. Let me see, where was I?"

"You were telling about how happy she was at first. When did she meet him? Did she become unhappy before she met him or afterward? How did she . . ."

"I'll get to that in-good time. Just let me go in. Yes, we were happy at first. But soon I began to notice that she didn't seem so peppy. She quite often forgot to buy me

liver and really it was quite a deprivation. I couldn't figure it out at all.

"Then one night I got an inkling. The doorbell rang about eight o'clock and there in the door stood a nice looking man. He blushed and she blushed and they both stood there like dummies. It was quite embarrassing. Alice stammered around a while and finally invited him in. By some subtle eavesdropping I found out that he was the biology teacher. 'So,' I said to myself, 'The old girl's got a biology problem. I certainly am glad to have a man around.'"

"After he finally blushed himself out the door. Alice came running back, grabbed me up and almost spent eight of my nine lives.

" 'Oh, kitty, I'm so happy. Jim is so nice. And I really think he likes me.'"

"Well, my dear. He came again and again. Sometimes they went out but mostly he came and sat. They talked about music and art and what constitutes a desirable experience for a child, but never any romance. And that sort of thing went on for five long years. I began to get worried. I was beginning to get old and Alice, herself, was no spring chicken. Yet it seemed as if he would never propose. Several times he began to get to the point but he never could quite make it. Still shy.

"I finally became desperate. I hadn't



been going in the living room while Jim was there because I thought that they would prefer to be alone and after all, it hadn't been any of my business. But now a drastic circumstance required drastic measures. I sat and sat and thought. Only one plan evolved. Of course, it would mean that I would have to act like a silly kitten but then I felt I would have to sacrifice my pride if we were ever to get a man in our family.

"The next time Jim came I ran to him and meowed and rubbed against his legs and when he sat down I jumped in his lap. I felt like a fool and I probably looked like one, because I knew that Alice was surprised. I kept that up for several weeks, one night I even followed him to the door and meowed after him. But it didn't do any good. He warmed up a little but not enough.

"Then finally a perfectly marvelous idea hit me. I visited the garden and ate a lot of grass. I can't stand grass and sure enough I got very sick. Alice and Jim were discussing the future of a technical education when I staggered in. I flopped convincingly at Jim's feet and mewed very weakly several times. Boy, was there action then! They grabbed each other and me and phoned



the cat and dog hospital and rushed me in a taxi there. Alice was crying and Jim actually put his arm around her and she put her head on his shoulder. I heard him call her 'darling' and I knew then that everything was all right. Naturally I got well very quickly.

"Now everything is fine. They were married two weeks ago and we are happy in our new home. I still make quite a fuss over Jim. I wouldn't want him to feel bad and think that I don't like him. I even sit on his lap now and then . . . when Alice isn't there first."

Russian Youth

Continued from Page Six

characteristic of Russian youth in the building up of which communism has been instrumental. In Russia, since youth is "the future", there is little place for the wisdom of age. And, it is said that the disrespect of American youth for its elders is mild compared to the disregard and disloyalty of Russian young people for age. They are listened to patiently, perhaps, but are not heeded and are considered out-of-date. The communist youth of today does not condemn as he once did smoking, dancing, and drinking, but as our leader expressed it, they even praise "jazz, dance halls, attractive clothes, and poetry clubs". Communist youth recognizes sex equality and freedom; Russian girls are expected to be equal to men in using heavy machinery both in factory and on the farm. Marriage, too, has acquired a different status, as "one week"

marriages are frowned upon. Those concerned must also feel a definite responsibility for children.

Whereas Russia was once intolerant of religion and the Church, the attitude, which has been largely brought about by the United States, toward the institutions of religion is more friendly. However, communism is not only the politics of the Russian but also his recreation, his education, his work, and in the final analysis, his very life. Social service in the name of the Party is the driving force in every life. What a dynamic change there would be if we in America would work as hard and as enthusiastically for Christianity and Democracy as the Russian does for his Communism! The Russian youth is studying hard and well to make up for past centuries of backwardness, and at the same time he is gain-

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For Your Library...

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER, EMILY KIMBROUGH,
Dodd, Mead, and Company, New York, N. Y.,
1942, \$2.50

☐ MIX a large portion of the American knack for having unique experiences with two carefree, unpredictable young women in their late teens; then pour into a cosmopolitan European setting. The product will be something like the clever story by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough of their trip abroad around 1929.

Although it is Miss Skinner's style which predominates in the actual story and her wit and humor which furnishes a spicy flavor to the whole, Miss Kimbrough is the "half of the combination" who supplied the majority of material for narration.

"Emily", Miss Skinner writes, "attracted incident the way blue serge attracts lint."

Together they have successfully imbued the usually trite travelogue with their own zest for living and individual impressions. During their trip they were every young American girl on her first travels abroad, and in recalling the events of the travels, they let every American in on that fact. The reader feels that he himself might have been a companion on the same trip.

The authors have certainly succeeded in producing a stimulant for the imagination and an appetizer for the sense of humor.

JANE CABELL SANFORD, '43

Lee's Lieutenants

DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN, *Scribner*, 1942, \$5

☐ THE absorption of the contemporary world in a great military struggle for freedom has seemingly caused the War of Secession to sink into comparative insignificance, even in the minds of Southerners. But it should be remembered that the Southern cause was also a great military struggle for freedom. The Confederate problems, especially the problem of developing military leadership, are weighty

problems today. Therefore, the difficulties of commanding the Southern armies is a timely subject.

It was this problem of leadership which Mr. Freeman had in mind when he wrote the first volume of *Lee's Lieutenants*, Manassas to Malvern Hill. This, his second biographical history, has already lived up to the reputation of his Pulitzer prize biography, *R. E. Lee*.

Rather than a history of the army itself, Mr. Freeman has presented a "multiple biography" of Lee's officers, the men who commanded in the army of Northern Virginia. Jackson, Magruder, "Jeb" Stuart, and "Stonewall" Jackson are a few of the prominent figures who emerge. We see their courage and misgivings as they lead their men to both victory and defeat. Yet we laugh at the humorous anecdotes which lighten this narrative of the military history of the South.

This is an unusual collection of biographies in that the lives of the officers are interwoven with full accounts of battles and campaigns. It is one continuous story, and while a strategic battle is being related, the personalities of the men who served under Lee are revealed at the same time.

ALICE NICHOLS, '45

The Moon and Sixpence

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, *Doran Publishing Co.*,
1919, \$1.50

☐ TO read the novel, *The Moon and Sixpence*, is an emotional experience one seldom comes in contact with in every day life.

Charles Strickland, a middle aged stockbroker, husband of a charming English woman of culture, and father of two typically nice English children is the overwhelmingly dominant character of Maugham's intriguing tale. He suddenly leaves his home and goes off to Paris to paint. There he lives in the city's disreputable quarters as though he had been born to

them. He accepts with a kind of fiendish glee the squalid filth and ugly ways of his surroundings. Half dead with fever, he is discovered by a stupid, but kind little Dutchman who takes him into his home for convalescence. Strickland at first, repulses the gentle wife of the little Dutchman, then she falls beneath his spell and he ruins her life. After a time he leaves Paris and goes to Tahiti, where he dwells as a native. He lives with a native woman and spends the rest of his days painting. On the island, his Utopia, Strickland puts his soul into his art. Finally he falls victim of leprosy. When he is dying, he makes his native wife promise

to burn the house and with it, his paintings.

Maugham has artistically and masterfully portrayed the man, Strickland. The work is a study in psychology. Each character is definite and complete. Maugham has a knack for getting beneath the surface and bringing to light his discoveries in a clever manner. His ingenious insight into the soul of man is fascinating to follow as he interprets Strickland's actions. Of Strickland it has been said, "His life was complete. He had made a world and saw that it was good. Then in pride and contempt, he destroyed it."

MARY FRANCES BOWLES, '43

The Highway of God

RALPH W. SOCKMAN, *Macmillan Company*, 1942, \$2.00

□ THE Lyman Beecher lectures recently delivered by Dr. Ralph Sockman at Yale University are the basis for this book depicting the needs of Christian ministers and laymen.

Threatening dangers of ministers being paralyzed by the opinions and desires of a self-centered society are pointed out plainly by Dr. Sockman. As a roadmaker through today's wilderness of war, hate, greed and lusts, the minister had numberless duties and limitless opportunities. With the Word of God as the light, he may pick out the steps and give direction along the Highway

of God for the heedlessly and sinful children of this world.

As individuals seeking the Highway of God, Christians must realize their true relationship to God and their fellowmen—"the godliness in man is the revelation of God." By means of searching tests for a normal Christian, Dr. Sockman seeks to arouse people from their complacency and neutrality in religion.

Not only in the wilderness of today, but also in the political, social and economic conflict of tomorrow will Christ's ministry be needed to make the Highway of God for every Christian minister and layman. With twenty-five years of experience as a minister, Dr. Sockman eloquently points the way through the wilderness.

VIOLET WOODALL, '43

Letters to the Editor

Continued from Page 3

do about the present situation there. It is impossible to receive the proper individual attention when there is only one person in charge of a whole infirmary, especially in a school of this size where the infirmary is apt to be pretty well-filled a large part of the time. I am not referring to the capability of the nurse in charge now; but, we feel that she has more than her share of work to do in situations such as this.

Certainly both of the following two things should be done: the girls, in their Physical Fitness classes, should learn how to keep themselves in better physical condition (this, of course, is already being done), and Miss McKee should have a regular assistant so that all those who would go down there may be taken care of. As it is, if we go to the infirmary, we are no better off than if we stayed in our rooms.

Jeanne Richardson, '46

NAME	NICKNAME	GENERAL APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	TO BE FOUND	SAVING GRACE	AMBITION
Nancye Allen	Hebie	Cheerful	"That critter"	In Hebron	Smile	To teach
Elizabeth Bernard	Libby	Amiable	"Well, thank you"	Reading the paper	Generosity	To be a dainty housewife
Betty Boutchard	Butch	Tailored	"Am I boring you?"	In the Training School	Figure	"To eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow I may not have the price."
Margaret Bowling	Bowling	Calm	"Okay doc"	Building Morale	Friendliness	To get this show on the road
Virginia Campfield	Campy	Out of this world	"You can say that again"	In the Practice House	Technique	"To get all my parallel read"
Lilly Bec Gray	Dead-Lilly	Fluttering	"Are you crazy?"	Asleep	Wit	To be an adventuress
Baylis Kunz	Coon	Whathehell!	"Lawd, Maud"	Enjoying Life	Sense of humor	To be a jitterbug
Margaret Mish	Miggie	Worried	"Forget it"	On Ritzy Row in the Wee M.	Her Hair	To meet <i>the</i> man
N ₂ Sara Wade Owen	Refer to Dictionary of Sara Wade Owen's Nicknames and their Derivations.	Mistreated	"Well, I'll be jumped up"	Digging Graves	Sincerity	To be a glamour girl
Kitty Parrish	Party Parrish	Vibrating	"Oh, well, I'm not worried	Prom-trotting	Petiteness	To live and let live
Agnes Patterson	Agienooney	Nonchalant	"I hate to see you do it"	En route	Understanding	To raise a family
Ella Marsh Pilkinton	Mush	Poised	"Are you kidding?"	In Shannon's	Complexion	To write a thesis on the effects of music over matter
Amy Read	Baby Ray	Beaming	"Do you think so—or don't you?"	Combing her hair	Neatness	Just to be
Nell Pritchett	Pritch	Slap-happy	"I had the craziest dream last night"	In a dither	Sparkle	To never have a bad moment
Betty Sexton	Sexton	Smooth	"Well—I'll tell ya—"	In the mood	Dancing	To pass that Algebra
Anne Ware Smith	Beckley	Open to sugges- tion	"Now re-ahhly!"	Writing to Buster	Individuality	To be with Buster 48 hours a day
Shirley Turner	Squirrely	Effervescent	"It's a shame they didn't have it in your size"	Where you least expect her	Spontaneity	To be a <i>real</i> air-raid warden
Barbara White	Fats	Oomph	"I could faint"	In a jam	Good Looks	To quit this foolishness

Excerpts From Letters

Written by One of Farmville's
First Students---Jean Carruthers

JANE RUFFIN, '45

□ "If you do not think it is too soon to be thinking about my final costume I will tell you what some of the others in my class have already gotten or expect to get," wrote Jean Carruthers, now dead, and grandmother of Margaret McIntyre, class of '46, in a letter to her parents from the State Female Normal School in Farmville on May 9, 1886. "One has a cream albatross and most prefer white. Miss Mapp's dress, one who is to read, will be sent from Baltimore," Jean continued in her letter giving an insight to the styles of the day. "My dress will be exceedingly plain if it suits you all. I know Pop will like it to be so. I do not want a particle of lace on mine. I want it made some new, pretty way for I will have to stand before all, that is, if I succeed in my final examinations."

It is interesting to note from an earlier letter why she "would have to stand before all."

"As you knew," she wrote her parents, "only about four of the essays could be read. At a faculty meeting it was decided that Misses Anderson, Blanton, Carruthers, and Mapp should read."

"It will take work and long tedious practice," Jean commented in writing of the paper she was to read at the commencement exercises in Town Hall. "I will have to work like a major to keep up in class every day, do this extra work, and study for examinations. The minute I heard it [that she was to read her essay] I knew how pleased Pop and you all would be. I must not say too much about it, for, of course, their decision is not unalterable. I shall do my best not to have mine changed. It is only to be gained by steady hard work."

In a letter dated February 14 of the same year Jean wrote the "Dear Home-

folks" that she had passed a very pleasant birthday though she "spent the greater part in writing an essay on the Aryan Family and the rest in getting lessons for Monday. Miss See asked all the girls who sit at my table to come down dressed in something fresh and bright in honor of the occasion. Sure enough all came down looking unusually sweet and pretty, and my next door neighbor at the table had placed a very pretty birthday card indeed for me. I appreciated it all so very much. I asked Miss Gash for a birthday kiss, and she gave me one and when I thanked her she said she would give me eighteen if I wanted them."

Much of Farmville has changed in fifty-seven years but not the weather. Jean wrote home during the winter of '86 that "we had a very hard rain Friday night but Saturday it cleared off and today is one of the warmest, loveliest days I ever saw. I took a long walk up to Buffalo Creek which is much swollen by the recent rains. Everything has been so bright it was quite a treat to get a real good sunning."

Long before the days of gas rationing the students remained at Farmville during the holidays as indicated by a letter Jean wrote her family on Christmas Eve, 1885. "I received the box which was so thoughtfully filled, and I certainly was delighted with it. The flowers are now planted and in the box in which they came and are doing well except one geranium which was rather wilted when it came, but I think it will come out. With this exception all are doing well. My shoes fit well, but I have not had them on yet, that is, to wear them any. The little glass of preserves reminded me of the Sunday morning Patte and I were running a race to see who could get most to eat. I have not opened it yet, but have a good idea what

Continued on Page Thirty-two

Dear Jeff -

Tomorrow is your graduation day. You'll get your internship after eight years of hard work. It hasn't been easy, has it? I know what you've had to take, and you showed them all how you could take it. You have done it alone, with no parental help by money, by contact, or by the thought that there is someone beside you wanting for you the best. You have faced those hard moments alone without any word from someone close, who would have said the right word to make those moments much easier. You have worked hard through these endless days of internship, days of wanting to quit, to turn to something easier. Days of work, work, work with nights spent in complete exhaustion. But there have been those days when you have been repaid for this work—through the knowledge of having saved a life.

I'm not writing you to ask you to forgive your father for what he has done to you. As heaven is my witness, I'd never ask that. I guess the Davis streak of stubbornness has left its mark upon all of us.

This letter is harder to write than I had expected. I've been fumbling for words for what seems an eternity. I shall start by explaining to you why you have had to suffer for your father's past. And you have suffered, Jeff. You suffered when you were quite small through the cutting remarks, the stabs in the back, from clenched fists and from hits below the belt, when the little fellows said true words about your father that hurt. I think I had best begin with the day of my graduation.

The day I was graduated, your mother and I were married. I was given a promising position in Saint Luthers Hospital, the same hospital in which you will start work tomorrow. This was the beginning of my dream, and I worked hard to put it together piece by piece. I had such great dreams, Jeff. Those dreams were all centered around your mother and my work. I loved my profession. I loved the thoughts of what I could do for others through my profession, but I loved your mother more. I wanted her to love my profession, too, and build dreams with me. After three years here, you were born. How completely happy I was! And yet I knew then that your mother did not share the same happiness as I. The same happiness that we had once known. I guess I was too wrapped up in my work to notice the strange, new hidden depth in her eyes that could have foretold of what was to come. You never knew her, Jeff, for she left us when you were two years old. I never knew where she went or how and really why. She left us a note saying, "Don't try to find me for you never shall. I don't belong here. Perhaps I never have. I am like so many other people, who go through life wanting something and not knowing what that something is. I want to spend the rest of my life searching for that thing I feel so deeply inside me. I'm tired, Jeffrey, so very tired."

Oh, how I suffered without her. I looked everywhere but I could find no trace of her. Nothing was heard of her until two weeks later, when her body was found near the train station. What had she done? Why? I asked myself these questions over and over again. There was always that why, why, why? Was it because of me? Then, I began to see what a selfish act it had been—such a thoughtless act without even warning us. I would have done anything in my power to help her. If she had just given me the chance to talk it over with her. But no, she had not. I was alone. My soul was sick, my mind was dead, but I couldn't stop fighting. I turned to my work and stuck to it night and day. I had no time for you. I hated you because you were a part of her. I put you in the school where you have spent most of your life. I worked endlessly, always with the thought of what she had done to me. I never stopped to think of what I was doing to you.

I didn't work for my profession; I worked for money. I didn't care how I got it, only the thought of the power, the position, the influence I would have with money pushed me on. Four years of this, and I was the wealthiest doctor in New York. I had no honor nor self-respect. I was hated by every decent man of the profession.

With this reputation, I turned to people of my kind. "My kind" were the people of the underworld, notorious people with evil pasts. I had forgotten your mother, for I had found that there is no room in this world for the dead. I had forgotten you also.

I thought myself so wise and safe, I never dreamed of a fall from my high position. But it came as all do. I was working with Joe Harvey at the time. We were staying at his summer home in Vermont after the robbery of a large bank in New York City. That night there was a raid. The police surrounded the house and began firing. Everyone was in a state of mad confusion when the house went up in flames. The police must have started the fire, or perhaps Joe did it. I did not know. I've never known until this day how I escaped from the house, but I managed to drag myself to the lake where I found a boat. It was a small row boat used for fishing and duck hunting but I knew it would take me away.

I traveled through the states as a hitch hiker until I found a quiet little town, and through the

DEAR JEFF

help of one of the farmers, who took me in, I managed to establish myself as a country doctor there. Once I found an old newspaper and read an account of the fire and the death of Dr. Jeffrey Davis. The account had a note of thankfulness that such a man had finally met his fate.

But times change and we with them. I've fought the hardest fight a man ever has to fight—the fight of having to live with himself when he hates himself. But I won, and I became a real doctor.

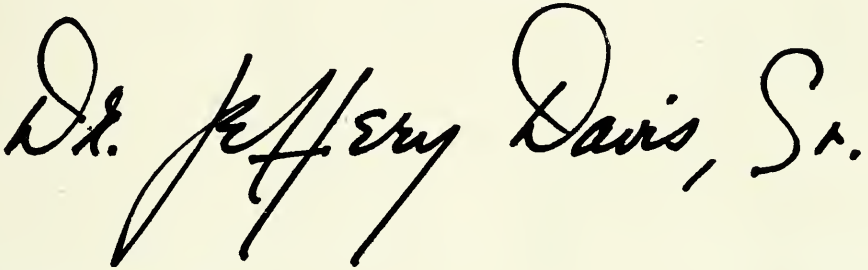
I began thinking of you. I followed your life as closely as I could. You had refused all the money I had left you after the death of Dr. Davis. I'm so very proud of you for not touching it. It didn't belong to us. I've watched you as you've grown. There have been so many times when I've wanted to come to you and tell you your father isn't that same man who was supposed to have died in that fire. Since that fire I have wanted my life to follow these holy words, "Let my light so shine before men that they might see my good work and glorify my Father which art in heaven." If people can say I practice that, I am a real doctor and what is more, a man.

I've finally found enough nerve to write you and tell you all this. I don't know how you'll take it when you find that your father is still alive. But don't hate him, Jeff, please don't hate him.

Tomorrow I shall be there and it will be the happiest moment of my life. There is one last thought, Jeff—don't refuse. Will you give me the chance to shake hands with my son?

Sincerely,

Your father

A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Dr. Jeffrey Davis, Sr." The signature is written in dark ink and occupies the central portion of the page.

BY SHIRLEY TURNER, '43

Travel by Trolley

Continued from Page Fourteen

the beach and merry Friday night jaunts to the skating rink. I've read car signs 'til they're memorized, and I've yelled above screeching brakes 'til my voice has cracked. There's no such thing as a schedule in their language. I've stamped around in snow for hours; sweltered in the unmerciful heat of a shadeless pavement for ages while waiting. I've made mad dashes to catch them only to feel like a perfect fool, and wonder whether it was worth it, when finally aboard, and I've sat still in the dark for interminable lengths of time when the power has gone off. I've come nearer to being seasick on one of those contraptions than I have on any boat, and I've sworn relentlessly never to ride one again. . . But what can I do? I'm one of the many unfortunate condemned to this unique means of

getting places (colloquially known as the Sardine System) and if get places I must, I'll obviously ride street cars. And like it.

They've been repaired, these ancients. I think it was just eleven years ago that they were all nicely painted. But lately someone has dragged forth every decrepit tram available and put it to work. Something about defense, we heard. No one understands that these relics, these fugitives from the scrap-heap, endanger the lives and ruin the disposition of innumerable trustful citizens . . . and grateful as we are for this one means of getting around, it's safe, and far more sensible, to walk.

In short, they're fairly efficient, they're fun, they're thrilling, and occasionally they're on time . . . but when better street cars are made the V. P. S. won't make them.

PROP WASH

FIDDLE HAYMES, '43

She: "I'm hungry."

He: "What?"

She: "I'm hungry."

He: "Sure, I'll take you home. This car makes so much noise I thought you said you were hungry."



In the Navy—My height
In the Air Corps—Bad sight
In the Marines—Too slight
In the Draft—All right

—Pointer



The best ten years of a woman's life are between 29 and 30.



Then there's the fellow with the stern look because his mother was frightened by the rear end of a ferry boat.

—Roughrider



Co-ed: "Stop that man. He tried to kiss me."

He: "Aw, shut up. There'll be another along in a minute."

—The Duchess



"I went to a new spiritualist yesterday."

"Is she good?"

"Just medium."

—Old Maid



One cook, close to our hearts, when asked for the recipe for his famous hash, replied: "There is no recipe—the stuff simply accumulates."

"I'm losing my punch," she said as she hurriedly left the cocktail party.



H.-S.: "Am I the only man you've ever kissed?"

S. T. C.: "Yes, and by far the best looking."

—The Corps



Cadet: "I warn you, I won't be able to pay for this uniform for three months."

Tailor: "Oh, that's all right, don't you worry."

Cadet: "Thanks. When will it be ready?"

Tailor: "In three months."



"Is my face dirty or is it my imagination?"

"I don't know about your imagination, but your face is clean."

—Ft. Ord Panorama



The actor cried "Bread, bread!" and the curtain came down with a roll.

—Old Maid



To market, to market
To buy a fat pig
Home again, home again
Forgot my ration book



Proud father (showing triplets to a visitor): "What do you think of them?"

Visitor (pointing to one in the middle): "I'd keep that one."

—Old Maid

PROPWASH

Little Bo Peep
Has lost her sheep
And doesn't know where to find them
But leave them alone
And they'll come home
50% wool and 50% cotton.



"Can you stand on your head?"
"Nope, it's too high."



We heard about
the tipsy pre-med
the other night who
called up Dr. Was-
serman of national
fame and when the
good doctor answer-
ed the phone our
inebriated friend
said, "Is this Dr.
Wasserman?" The
voice at the other
end said, "Yes".
Our friend said,
"Are you positive?"



Teacher: "Who
can tell us about
the man who dis-
covered volts?"

Little Boy: "I
can. It was Vol-
taire."

2nd Little Boy:
"Voltaire Vin ch-
ell?"



"Evesdropping again," said Adam as his
wife fell out of the tree.



St. Peter: "How did you get up here?"
Latest arrival: "Flu."

—Jack-O-Lantern



Porter: "How many in that berth?"
Voice: "Only one. Here's our ticket."

Minimum of satin
Maximum of style
Long and glittering ear rings
Haughty, luring smile.

Sophisticated advance
Assurance quite complete
Escort's beaming comment,
"Child, you look so sweet!"

—Old Maid



We've all heard
about the so-called
dumb person, but
the gold tooth pick
goes to the plebe
who thought March
4th was a military
command. — The
Log.



Salome, the first
woman to discover
the relation be-
tween gauze and ef-
fect.

—Blue Baboon



"Say, mama, was
baby sent down
from heaven?"

"Why, yes."

"Um. They like to
have it quiet up
there, don't they?"



A tip from those who know:
If you write funny when you sign out
it won't be so obvious when you come in.

—Widow



Dedicated to Chem Studies:
Litmus is red
Litmus is blue
Whoops goes my valence
When I think of you.



Answers to Questions on Page 16

APPEARANCE

1. *Yes*—Remember wear the shoe, only if it fits.
No—Ruts and romance aren't congenial.
2. *Yes*—You should remember that not all God's children look like angels in blue angora sweaters.
No—You are one in a million.
3. *Yes*—You will have hats, but no husband.
No—There is still a chance, then.
4. *Yes*—I understand we are out of the crino-line age but modesty hasn't gone completely, yet.
No—Good, but don't be a droop.
5. *Yes*—You must believe in panther appeal.
No—Then you have "pal" appeal because you don't try to be what you aren't.
6. *Yes*—Smile, girl, you've got style.
No—Hemline appeal means stagline appeal.
7. *Yes*—We can't all be Hedy Lamarrs.
No—Don't go paleface but follow nature's trends.
8. *Yes*—Why not leave the size 44 for a person who can fill it. And besides haven't you heard of wool conservation?
No—Good, but don't go to the opposite extreme, please.
9. *Yes*—Ever seen a camel?
No—Bravo, a lucky strike will be yours someday.
10. *Yes*—Have you ever heard the old adage about gilding the lily?
No—Congratulations!
11. *Yes*—Sucker!
No—Individualism is an admirable trait.
12. *Yes*—You and Betty Grable.
No—We suggest you try seamless hose (if you can find any).
13. *Yes*—Next time a circus comes to town, look very carefully at the clowns.
No—Avoid the shiny nose but we like anything better than being plastered.
14. *Yes*—Then wear only one piece at a time.
No—A piece now and then is good but much more looks junky.
15. *Yes*—Ever seen a chimney sweep?
No—Then you can take a sad show in your stride.

ACTIONS

1. *Yes*—Approve courage but don't stare; it is too embarrassing.
No—You are a floor watcher.
2. *Yes*—You need sleep and there is always the old question of company or just plain sleepy.
No—You are a night owl and enjoy life.
3. *Yes*—Why not try a new angle? He has probably heard that one before.
No—Orchids to you.
4. *Yes*—Good for you. People appreciate it.
No—Mend your memory and pay closer attention.
5. *Yes*—Why not start on a more cheerful note and, anyway, you should have written before.
No—You must have taken the same course in English I did.
6. *Yes*—Then you should pay his laundry bill.
No—You must have a brother.
7. *Yes*—Giggling is not only childish but it is also fattening, I'm told.
No—Then show your happiness with a smile.
8. *Yes*—Give the other fellow a chance.
No—Lady Chesterfield, we admire you.
9. *Yes*—The secret of success is yours.
No—You might as well learn now that you will never be as interesting to him as he is.
10. *Yes*—Any habit that can be made can be broken.
No—Your mama taught you early.
11. *Yes*—Listen, lady, coffees not cigarettes are good to the last drop.
No—You must have seen someone else do it.
12. *Yes*—Lengthen your line.
No—You needn't, with this war going on.
13. *Yes*—You'll probably get along fine in this world because you always make the other fellow feel brilliant.
No—You're too smart or have heard that one before.
14. *Yes*—Remember curiosity killed the cat.
No—Good for you.
15. *Yes*—You'll get along in this world.
No—You either belong to the "keep him writing" school of thought or else you are just plain slow.

A perfect score is 1, 6, 12 in appearance answered *Yes* and 1, 4, 9, 10, answered *Yes* in actions.

If you missed:

1-4 Did you ever hear that it pays to tell the truth?

6-10 Strictly O. K.
11-20 Not so hot.
21-30 Too bad.

UNWANTED HERITAGE

Unwanted Heritage

Continued from Page Eleven

"I *hope* I am!"

"Seriously, you will be. I don't know you well, never have. In fact you're an elusive person—I never quite know what you're thinking."

"Now who's probing?"

"I'm sorry. But you will be good. You're a girl who sees what she wants and works till she gets it."

"Wrong. I'm the girl who sees what she wants and works. Period."

"Sounds like you're turned cynic."

"Perhaps."

"In love?"

"Why, Tom?"

"I just asked. No harm in that, is there?"

"No . . . As a matter of fact, I am."

"As a matter of *fact*—You certainly don't sound too enraptured."

"Don't I?"

"No, Cynthia, you don't."

"He's not in love with me."

"Oh . . . Damn fool!"

"Thanks."

"Look, Cynthia, I hate to run but the train leaves in half an hour."

"So soon, Tom?"

"I'm afraid so. We'd better start for the station. I'll get the check. Boris!"

"Already you are through?"

"Yes, my train leaves shortly. Boris, I'll never forget this place or the 'special vodka' or . . . the corner table. It was perfect."

"Thank you, Miss Cabell. It is an honor to serve one so beautiful! You will be in Cincinnati long, yes?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Ah, that is a shame! But you will come again someday, yes?"

"No, Boris. I . . . don't think so."

"Cynthia, we must *go*. You can't miss your train."

"All right. Goodbye, Boris, and thanks."

"Goodbye, and Captain Thorpe, give my regards to . . ."

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STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



Arrid is the largest
selling deodorant



...Buy a jar today...
at any store which
sells toilet goods.

39¢ a jar
Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars

ARRID



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AND TAILORS**

*Altering—Repairing—Tailoring
For Ladies and Gentlemen*

PHONE 98

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a creamery should have and is
possible to get in these distress-
ing times of war.

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PHONE 17

PATRONIZE

Patterson Drug Co.

238 MAIN ST.

FARMVILLE, VA.

"Come, Cynthia."

"Tom, you were rude to Boris."

"Oh, he'd carry on for hours. Talkative
old fool . . . Where is he?"

"Where is who?"

"The secret passion."

"Don't joke about love, Tom."

"I'm sorry."

"He's in the army. I knew him only six
months."

"When did this happen?"

"Two years ago."

"And you're sure he doesn't love you?"

"Positive—but I'm still hoping."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, Tom, a woman knows in her heart."

"And you're certain he would never love
you—even if he saw you now? You're older,
more mature, you know."

"I'm almost certain, Tom."

"And yet you love him?"

"I do."

"Then, Cynthia, you're a complete fool
. . . No, on second thought you're completely
and totally wonderful. To go on loving a
person blindly, hoping against hope—that
takes courage. I know, Lord, how I do
know!"

"You . . . know?"

"Cynthia, this is hard to say. But right
now I say, *don't give up.*"

"Why do you say that Tom? What do
you mean?"

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PLANTERS BANK BUILDING

Martin, the Jeweler

*Will Appreciate Your
Business*

UNWANTED HERITAGE

"I don't know what I mean. I thought once . . . oh, I thought I knew every answer. But now—here we are. How about your bags?"

"They're all checked."

"We've so little time left, Cynthia, and I have so much to say."

"Please say it, Tom. Oh, *hurry!*"

"I'm in love—don't you understand, Cynthia? I have been for two years and . . ."

"Tom!"

"Seeing you has been like seeing truth. You've given me something in these last couple of hours that I've been searching for for years."

"Tom, you're trying to say something. Hurry—please—what is it?"

"She's wonderful, Cynthia. I love her deeply, like your love. She wouldn't have me. I'd given up. Then today I saw you. You came my way and—Cynthia, if you can have faith, why can't I? And if you can keep hoping, why can't I? You'd love her, too."

"Oh."

"Why . . . you're crying . . ."

"No . . . no, I'm not . . . cinders."

"The train is ready to leave, Cynthia. These hours . . . I'll never forget you."

"I'll never forget you—oh, Tom, *Tom.*"

"Goodbye, Cynthia."

"Thank you for . . . everything . . . Tom. No, don't kiss me . . . Save those for whoever she may be. She's . . . a very fortunate girl, you know. Goodbye and God bless you, Tom."

"Bo-o-a-r-r-d for Chicago and all points West."

DE LUXE CLEANERS

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VIRGINIA

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"Quality—Price—Service"

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Excerpts from Letters

Continued from Page Twenty-three

they taste like from my recollection of the others. The wine lays in the bottom of my trunk undisturbed. Bert's little pictures are on the mantle piece. Ma's soap, collar, and cuffs were very nice and useful. I shall enjoy the catsup some future day. I think I have mentioned everything except the apples. Some of them are still on the shelf.

"I was at Mrs. Gillum's yesterday evening and had a very pleasant time," Jean continued in telling of the Christmas spent at school. "I was treated to apples and some Christmas pastry. I met her brother there. It was the first time I had ever seen him. They invited me to their house to spend the holiday, but I will not have time. I will go to see them, though, during the holiday, Until Sunday night all rules and regulations are off and we can visit, sit up and do anything that will not be injurious to our health. I went to the Methodist Christmas tree tonight, and every Normalite who was a member of the Sunday School received a lovely leather bound Bible. I wished I was a Methodist then. Our Sunday School is having a candy pull at the hotel tomorrow night."

Boxes were received not only on birthdays and on Christmas, for later in the Spring Jean wrote "Many, many thanks to Ma and Patte for the work. They were sewed nicely and so many nice little tucks, trimmings, etc., which, if I am kind of old maidish, I am fond of."

At midterm Jean informed her parents, "we are to begin teaching in the Model School tomorrow The A's are to go in there in groups of three each and remain one week. My turn will come tomorrow week. It will keep us quite busy, leaving us very little spare time."

And as Commencement drew near she wrote, "In three weeks all will be over."

Farmville had been a Normal school but one year when Jean entered in Class D. The girls then were divided into four groups—A, B, C, and D, arranged in much the same way as our four classes, Freshmen to Seniors. In 1887 there were three parts to the school—the Model School of elementary grades and the high school, where the students in the Normal School did their prac-

tice teaching. Dr. William Ruffner was principal of the schools and he was assisted by six instructors and two supervisors in the Model School.

Jean, who was one of the first presidents of the Alumnae Association, graduated in a class of eight and there were less than two hundred students enrolled altogether. In her class was Miss Celeste Parrish, recently honored by the Alumnae Association.

Note: In 1885 Dr. Ruffner, president of the college, advertised the school, situated in a town of 2,000, as healthful to people from "both the mountains and the lowlands."

The Deserter

Continued from Page Fifteen

was probably in the next county, hurrying back to his camp. Imagine old Sam Jones believing that story about my being out on the road for mail this hour of the day. But I reckon he was pretty upset, too.

It was really that story about his mother that brought Jody around. He remembered how his father used to grieve after Valerie left him for that guy in show business. Maybe Valerie wasn't such a bad mother, after all, if she helped her son when he needed help most. Maybe she wouldn't even mind her own sister's turning against her if it aided a worthy cause. He couldn't stand to be a deserter as his mother was. I'm quite sure Sam Jones would die, if he found out that we talked the thing over in that little grove of woods right behind this house. And he was rocking in my kitchen chair the whole time. After all, who would suspect that a sweet, old lady like Lucy Bliss could tell lies?

Russian Youth

Continued from Page Nineteen

ing a practical education to equip him to be a good laborer and soldier. The Russian recognizes no color or class, thinking in terms of not only his beloved home country but of internationality. In conclusion, the Russian youth of today, intensely devoted to Communistic ideals, and accustomed to hardships, is "educated to constructive effort, cocksure of himself, of his aims, ideas, and prejudices."

Wartime limits the supply of Coca-Cola.
Those times when you cannot get it, re-
member: Coke, being first choice, sells out first.
Ask for it each time. No matter how short the
supply, the quality of Coca-Cola carries on.



What drink do you find at the Post Exchanges?
Ice-cold Coca-Cola, of course...to offer pure,
wholesome, taste-good refreshment.

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